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Poetry.

To My Absent Daughter.

BY GEO. P. MORRIS.

Georgie, come home!—Life's tendrils cling about thee,
Where'er thou art, by wayward fancy led.
We miss thee, love!—Home is not home without thee—
The light and glory of the house have fled:
The autumn shiver of the linden tree
Is like the pang that thrills my frame for thee!

Georgie, come home!—To parents, brother, sister,
Thy place is vacant in this lonely hall,
Where shines the river through the "Jeannie Vista,"
While twilight shadows lengthen on the wall:
Our spirits falter at the close of day,
And weary night moves tardily away.

Georgie, come home!—The winds and waves are singing
The mournful music of their parting song,
To soul and sense the sad foreboding bringing,
Some ill detains thee in the town so long:
Oh, that the morn may dissipate the fear,
And bring good tidings of my daughter dear!

Georgie, come home!—The forest leaves are falling,
And dreary visions in thy absence come:
The fountain on the hill in vain is calling
Thee, my beloved one, to thy woodland home.
And I imagine every passing breeze
Whispers thy name among the moaning trees!

Georgie, come home!—Thy gentle look can banish
The gathering gloom round this once cheerful hearth:
In thy sweet presence all our care will vanish,
And sorrow soften into mellow mirth.
Return, my darling, never more to roam:
Heart of the highlands! Georgie, dear, come home!

—*Home Journal.*

Miscellany.

The Catskill Mountains.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

The Catskill, Katskill, or Cat River Mountains, derived their name, in the time of the Dutch domination, from the Cat-mounts by which they were infested; and which, with the bear, the wolf, and the deer, are still found in some of the most difficult recesses. The interior of these mountains is in the highest degree wild and romantic; here are rocky precipices mantled with primeval forests; deep gorges walled in by beetling cliffs, with torrents tumbling as it were from the sky; and savage glens rarely trodden excepting by the hunter. With all this internal rudeness, the aspect of these mountains towards the Hudson at times is eminently beautiful, sloping down into a country softened by cultivation and bearing much of the rich character of Italian scenery about the skirts of the Apennines.

The Catskills form an advanced post or lateral spur of the great Great Alleganian or Appalachian system of mountains which sweeps through the interior of our continent, from south west to north-east, from Alabama to the extremity of Maine, fourteen hundred miles, belting the whole of our original confederacy, and rivalling our great system of lakes in extent and grandeur. Its vast ramifications comprise a number of parallel chains and lateral groups; such as the Cumberland Mountains, the Blue Ridge, the Alleganies, the Delaware and Lehigh, the Highlands of the Hudson, the Green Mountains of Vermont, and the White Mountains of New Hampshire. In many of these vast ranges or sierras Nature still reigns in indomitable wilderness; their rocky ridges, their rugged clefts and defiles, teem with magnificent vegetation. Here are locked up mighty forests that have never been invaded by the axe; deep umbrageous valleys where the virgin soil has never been outraged by the plough; bright streams flow in untasked idleness, unburdened by commerce, unchecked by the mill-dam. This mountain zone is in fact the great poetical region of our country, resisting like the tribes which once inhabited it, the taming hand of cultivation, and maintaining a hallowed ground for fancy and the muses. It is a magnificent and all pervading feature, that might have given our country a name, and a poetical one, had not the all-controlling power of common-place determined otherwise.

The Catskill Mountains, as I have observed, maintain all the internal wildness of the labyrinth of mountains with which they are connected. Their detached position, overlooking a wide lowland region, with the majestic Hudson rolling through it, has given them a distinct character, and rendered them at all times a rallying point for romance and fable. Much of the fanciful associations with which they have been clothed may be owing to their peculiarly subject to those beautiful atmospherical effects which constitute one of the great charms of the Hudson River scenery. To me they have ever been the fairy region of the Hudson. I speak, however, from early impressions, made in the happy days of boyhood, when all the world had a tinge of fairy-land. I shall never forget my first view of these mountains. It was in the course of a voyage up the Hudson in the good old times before steamboats and railroads had driven all poetry and romance out of travel. A voyage up the Hudson in those days was equal to a voyage to Europe at present, and cost almost as much time; but we enjoyed the river then—we relished it as we did our wine, sip by sip, not, as at present, gulping all down at a draught without tasting it. My whole voyage up the Hudson was full of wonder and romance. I was a lively boy, somewhat imaginative, of easy faith, and prone to relish everything which partook of the marvellous. Among the passengers on the sloop was a veteran Indian trader, on his way to the lakes to traffic with the natives. He had discovered my propensity, and amused himself throughout the voyage by telling me Indian legends and grotesque stories about every noted place on the river, such as Spuyten Devil Creek, the Tappan Sea, the Devil's Dans-Kammer, and other hobgoblin places.—The Catskill Mountains especially called forth a host of fanciful traditions. We were all day slowly tiding along in sight of them, so that he had full time to weave his whimsical narratives. In these mountains, he told me, according to Indian belief, was kept up the great treasury of storm and sunshine for the region of the Hudson. An old squaw spirit had charge of it, who dwelt on the highest peak of the mountain. Here she kept Day and Night shut up in her wigwam, letting out only one of them at a time. She made new moons every month, and hung them up in the sky, cutting up the old ones into stars. The great Manitou or master spirit, employed her to manufacture clouds; sometimes she wove them out of cobwebs, gossamers, and morning dew, and sent them off flake after flake, to float in the air and give light summer showers—sometimes she would brew up black thunder-storms and send down drenching rains, to swell the streams and sweep everything away.—He had many stories, also, about mischievous spirits who infested the mountains in the shape of animals and played all kinds of pranks upon Indian hunters, decoying them into quagmires and morasses, or to the brinks of torrents and precipices. All these were doled out to me as I lay on the deck throughout a long summer's day, gazing upon these mountains, the ever-changing shapes and hues of which appeared to realize the magical influences in question. Sometimes they seemed to approach, at others to recede; during the heat of the day they almost melted into a sultry haze; as the day declined they deepened in tone; their summits were brightened by the last rays of the sun, and later in the evening their whole outline was printed in deep purple against an amber sky. As I beheld them thus shifting continually before my eye, and listened to the marvellous legends of the trader, a host of fanciful notions concerning them was conjured into my brain, which have haunted it ever since.

As to the Indian superstitions concerning the treasury of storms and sunshine, and the cloud weaving spirits, they may have been suggested by the atmospherical phenomena of these mountains—the clouds which gather round their summits, and the thousand aerial effects which indicate the changes of weather over a great extent of country. They are epitomes of our variable climate, and are stamped with all its vicissitudes.—And here let me say a word in favor of those vicissitudes, which are too often made the subject of exclusive repining. If they annoy us occasionally by changes from hot to cold, from wet to dry, they give us one of the most beautiful climates in the world. They give us the brilliant sunshine of the south of Europe with the fresh verdure of the north. They float our summer sky with clouds of gorgeous tints or fleecy whiteness, and send down cooling showers to refresh the panting earth and keeping it green. Our seasons are all poetical; the phenomena of our heavens are full of sublimity and beauty. Winter with us has none of its proverbial gloom. It may have its howling winds, and thrilling frosts, and whirling snow-storms; but it has also its long intervals of cloudless sunshine, when the snow-clad earth gives redoubled brightness to the day; when at night the stars beam with intensest lustre, or the moon floods the whole landscape with her most limpid radiance; and then the joyous out break of our spring, bursting at once into leaf and blossom, redundant with vegetation, and vociferous with life!—and the splendors of our summer—its morning voluptuousness and evening glory—its airy palaces of sun-gilt clouds piled up in a deep azure sky; and its gusts of tempest of almost tropical grandeur, when the forked lightning and the bellowing thunder volley from the battlement of heaven and shakes the sultry atmosphere—and the sublime melancholy of our autumn, magnificent in its decay, withering down the pomp and pride of a woodland country, yet reflecting back from its yellow forests the golden serenity of the sky—surely we may say that in our climate "the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth forth his handiwork: day unto day uttereth speech; and night unto night showeth knowledge."

A word more concerning the Catskills. It is not the Indians only to whom they have been a kind of wonderland. In the early times of the Dutch dynasty we find them themes of golden speculation among even the sages of New Amsterdam.—During the administration of Wilhelmus Kieft there was a meeting between the Director of the New Netherlands and the chiefs of the Mohawk nation to conclude a treaty of peace.—On this occasion the Director was accompanied by Mynheer Adraien Van der Donk, Doctor of Laws, and subsequently historian of the colony. The Indian chiefs, as usual, painted and decorated themselves on the ceremony. One of them in so doing made use of a pigment, the weight and shining appearance of which attracted the notice of Kieft and his learned companion who suspected it to be ore. They procured a lump of it, and took it back with them to New Amsterdam. Here it was submitted to the inspection of Iohannes De la Montague, an eminent Huguenot doctor of medicine, one of the counsellors of the New Netherlands. The supposed ore was forthwith put in a crucible and assayed, and to the great exultation of the junto yielded two pieces of gold, worth about three guilders. This golden discovery was kept a profound secret. As soon as the treaty of peace was adjusted with the Mowhawks, William Kieft sent a trusty officer and a party of men under guidance of an Indian, who undertook to conduct them to the place where the ore had been found. We have no account of this gold-hunting expedition, nor of its whereabouts, excepting that it was somewhere on the Catskill Mountains. The exploring party brought back a bucketful of ore. Like the former specimen it was submitted to the crucible of De la Montagne, and was equally productive of gold. All this we have on the authority of Doctor Van der Donk, who was an eye witness of the process and its result, and records the whole in his Description of the New Netherlands.

William Kieft now dispatched a confidential agent, one Aren Corsen, to convey a sackful of the precious ore to Holland. Corsen embarked at New Haven in a British vessel bound to England, whence he was to cross to Rotterdam. The ship set sail about Christmas, but never reached her port. All on board perished.

In 1647, when the redoubtable Petrus Stuyvesant took command of the New Netherlands, William Kieft on his return to Holland, provided with further specimens of the Catskill Mountain ore; from which he doubtless indulged in golden anticipations. A similar fate attended him with that which had befallen his agent. The ship in which he had embarked was cast away, and he and his treasure were swallowed in the waves.

Here closes the golden legend of the Catskills; but another one of similar import succeeds. In 1649, about two years after the shipwreck of Wilhelmus Kieft, there was again rumor of precious metals in these mountains. Mynheer Brant Arent Van Slechtenhorst, agent of the Patroon of Rensselaerswyck, had purchased in behalf of the Patroon a tract of the Catskill lands, and leased it out in farms. A Dutch lass in the household of one of the farmers found one day a glittering substance, which, on being examined, was pronounced silver ore. Brant Van Slechtenhorst forwith sent his son from Rensselaerswyck to explore the mountains in quest of the supposed mines. The young man put up in the farmer's house, which had recently been erected on the margin of a mountain stream. Scarcely was he housed when a furious storm burst forth on the mountains. The thunders rolled, the lightnings flashed, the rain came down in cataracts; the stream was suddenly swollen to a furious torrent thirty feet deep; the farm-house and all its contents were swept away, and it was only by dint of excellent swimming that young Slechtenhorst saved his own life and the lives of his horses. Shortly after this a feud broke out between Peter Stuyvesant and the Patroon of Rensselaerswyck on account of the right and title to the Catskill Mountains, in the course of which the elder Slechtenhorst was taken captive by the Patentate of the New Netherlands, and thrown into prison at New Amsterdam.

We have met with no record of any farther attempt to get at the treasure of the Catskill; adventurers may have been discouraged by the ill luck which appeared to attend all who meddled with them, as they were under the guardian keep of the same spirits or goblins who once haunted the mountains and ruled over the weather.

That gold and silver ore was actually produced from these Mountains in days of yore, we have historical evidence to prove, and the recorded word of Adriaen Van der Donk, a man of weight, who was an eye witness. If gold and silver were once found there, they must be there at present. It remains to be seen, in these gold-hunting days, whether the quest will be renewed, and some daring adventurer, fired with a true Californian spirit, will penetrate the mysteries of these mountains and open a golden region on the borders of the Hudson.

ENGLISH INDEPENDENCE.—In a letter to the New-York Tribune, Bayard Taylor says:—

On landing at Dieppe, I had a specimen of English independence. The night was warm, and I went into the refreshment room at the station to get a bottle of *limonade gazeuse*. While it was being opened, a solid middle-aged Englishman standing near me said:

"Do you need more than half a bottle, sir? I want a little with my brandy." I shared it with him, and, the bottle having been paid for in advance, was moving away when he called after me.

"How much must I pay?" "Nothing," I answered; "there was more than I needed, and I had already paid for it." "Sir," said he fiercely, "I take nothing from anybody; I am in the habit of paying for what I get."

"But I," replied, "am not in the habit of dealing in soda water," and so left him; but he immediately called the garcon, and satisfied his independence by paying over again the price of half a bottle.

A SECOND LAMBERT.—The West Tennessee Whig contains the following:

"On the 20th ult., as we were passing the cabinet-shop of our friend Sinclair, our attention was called to the putting together of the largest coffin we ever saw. It measured 3½ feet accross the top; 28 inches deep, and 7 feet long. This coffin was for Mr. Thomas C. McCarter. But a short time before his death he was in town, and some of our citizens, curious to know his weight, persuaded him to be weighed. His weight was 527 pounds."

The Sperm Whale and its Food.

The full-grown male Sperm Whale is from sixty to seventy feet long, and not far from thirty feet in circumference in the largest part. The head in front is nearly square, or has the corners rounded off, and is much thinner next the lower jaw, becoming thicker towards the back, where it is almost as broad as the back, increasing a little in size up to the eyes, which are located about one-third of the whole length of the fish from the extreme end of the nose. The eyes are about twice as large as those of an ox, and have lids to shut over the ball. From this fact we may suppose it sometimes sleeps, although I never caught one so: the lid may serve to protect the eye from injury. Be this as it may, none but this species of whale, or such as breathe the atmosphere, have eyes with lids that can be shut.

From the eye the body enlarges a little, until we come to the middle of the fish, and from here it tapers down to the tail or flukes, as whalemen call them,—The flukes are about ten feet across, and lie horizontal when in a natural position.

There is a large hump on the lower part of the back, and several small ones near the tail. There are two small fins, one on each side, just behind and below the eye; these fins are about three feet long, and one and a half wide. I think their only use is to steer with. The upper jaw is about fifteen feet long from the socket to the extreme end or point; the lower jaw is armed with large teeth, which stand apart separately; there are from twenty to twenty five on each side. There are no teeth on the upper jaw; instead of them, cavities are provided, into which the lower teeth fit. The tongue is small, about two and a half feet long by one wide. The throat is small, and the fish could not swallow a man: therefore it was not a sperm whale that swallowed Jonah.

When feeding and not disturbed, the fish will stay down under water from one hour to one and a quarter. It then has to come up to the surface to breathe or spout, and it will stay up from ten to fifteen minutes. In this time it will spout or breathe from fifty to sixty times. It throws out no water when it spouts, as has been represented by some. At the end of this time it "turns flukes," or pitches and dives down.

This whale feed entirely on the "squid," or cuttle-fish, as I believe they are sometimes called. The "squid," I think, lives by suction; it has no bones in its body, strictly so called; it has a kind of bill, short and thick in form,—something like a horn or turtle shell in texture and color. It has two thin pieces of skin on each side, one at each end, or nearly so, and when small can fly a short distance, on the same principle as the flying fish or squirrel, by impetus, always rising against the wind. It has long arms or fibers that extend forward from the fore part of the body, with which it embraces and holds whatever is intended as food. They grow to a very large size, and so strong as to drown a man by embraces him. This I was told did actually happen to a native of the Sandwich Islands while I was there. I have frequently seen large pieces of squid floating on the water, perhaps killed by the sperm whale. I saw a piece, while sailing, which I judged to be ten feet in diameter. I have taken them from the whale's stomach, whole, from two to three feet in length.

The squid is active, and when pursued by an enemy, can eject any inky fluid that will cover the water for some distance round, and thus escapes sometimes from his enemy.

I have said that I supposed the squid lived by suction; this I shall prove by analogy. As before stated, the squid has no teeth, and of course cannot chew; its bill is to hold fast with. On good whale ground, if we take a piece of smooth pearl shell, it will shine brightly; let it be three or four inches long and one inch wide; to this lash three fish hooks, at the lower end of the shell, back to back, so as to have the points outward; have a long line attached to the upper end of the shell, with a small sinker. On some still night lower the hooks by the line into the ocean, and as it lowers, jerk it up and down, and continue to lower it until you feel something on the hooks; thus you may at almost any time hook up squid. Seeing something bright or shiny, they immediately dart to it and embrace it, and so will be hauled up.

Now comes the question how does the whale catch the squid, who is nimble and on the lookout? I think it is done as follows:—The whale goes down to such depths, taught him by a law of nature, where lives the squid which was created for his subsistence. The jaw of the whale, when not disturbed, hangs down, I suppose from its great weight, and so his mouth is open. Displaying those large white glistening teeth, and sides of the jaw also white and shining, the squid no sooner sees them than he darts on to the jaw and teeth and so becomes an easy prey. If this were not so, how could the whale, large and clumsy as he is, ever find his prey? With his eye where I have described it, he would be likely to go by it, and around it, and lose sight of it. Does any one suppose the squid would lie still, hoping that the next time the whale came round he would be so lucky as to take and devour him? I believe not.

The female whale is much smaller than the male; when full grown she is from twenty to twenty-five feet long, and resembles the male in general appearance. She has never more than two young ones at a time, and seldom more than one.—She lies on her side to suckle them, and has only two teats, situated near the lower part of the belly, a little on each side, in slits or creases that cover them. The calf puts his nose into one of these slits to suck, and so the water is excluded. The whale is warm blooded.—*Scientific American*

From Nordhoff's 'Whaling and Fishing.'

Hippopotamus Hunting.

To cut a supply of wood for a whaling cruise, is a work requiring some days, and often and even weeks, and it had been determined that the first and if need be the next day likewise, should be devoted to a thorough inspection of the facilities of the place, in order that we might work at as little disadvantage as possible.

Consequently we, the mate's boat's crew, had been ordered to prepare for a general cruise. We provided ourselves with a store of bred and beef, filled the boat's breaker with water, spread out sail to the light breeze, and pointed the boat's bow toward the nearest island. Landing here we found naught but a wilderness of low jungle, which was scarcely penetrable, together with a poor landing. We examined three or four of islets, and having at last fixed upon a suitable place where to commence operations, were about to return on board, when the mate said,

'Trim aft, Tom, there's a good breeze, fair coming and going, and we'll take a look at the mainland.' Accordingly the boat's head was laid shoreward and we spread ourselves out at full length upon the thwarts enjoying an unusual treat of some cigars which our chief officer had good naturedly brought with him.

When within about a mile and a half of the main land, we found the water shoaling, being then not more than three fathoms—Eighteen feet deep.

'I saw black skin glisten in the sun just then,' said the boat steerer, who was aft, the mate having stretched himself upon the bow-thwart to take a nap.

'It was nothing but a puffing pig,' said he drowsily.

'There it is again, and no puffing pig either—nor porpoise—nor—no,' said he with some degree of animation—'nor anything else that wears black skin that I ever saw before.'

This had the effect of rousing us up, every one casting his eyes ahead to catch a sight of the questionable 'black skin.'

'There he blows!'—'and there again!'—'and over here too,' said several voices in succession.

'It aint a spout at all boys, let's pull up and see what it is.

We took up our oars, and the boat was darting forward at good speed toward the place where we had last seen the object of our curiosity.

'Stern all!' shouted the mate, as the boat brought up 'all standing' against some object which we had not been able to see on account of the murkiness of the water, the collision nearly throwing us upon our backs into the bottom of the boat. As we backed off, an enormous beast slowly raised his head above the water, gave a loud snort, and incontinently dove down again, almost before we could get a fair look at it.

'What is it?' was now the question—which no one could answer.

'Whoever it is,' said the mate, whose whaling blood was up 'if it comes within reach of my iron I'll make fast to it, lads—so pull ahead.' We were again under headway, keeping a bright look out for the re-appearance of the stranger.

'There they are, a whole school,' said the mate, eagerly, pointing in shore, where the glistening of white water showed that a number the non-descripts were evidently enjoying themselves. 'Now, boys, pull hard, we'll soon try their mettle.'

'There's something broke water just ahead,' said the boat steerer.

'Pull easy, lads—I see him—there—way enough—there's his back!—

'Stearn all!' shouted he, as he darted his iron into a back as broad as a small sperm whale's.

'Stern all—back water—back water, every man!' and the infuriated beast made desperate lunges in every direction, making the white water fly almost equal to a whale.

We could see the whole shape of the creature, as in his agony and surprise he raised himself high above the surface. We all recognized at once the Hippopotamus, as he is represented in books of natural history.

Our subject soon got a little cooler, and giving a savage roar, bent his head round until he grasped the shank of the iron between his teeth. With one jerk he drew it out of his bleeding quarter, and shaking it savagely dove down to the bottom. The water was here but about two fathoms deep, and we could see the direction in which he was traveling along the bottom, by a line of blood, as well as by the air bubbles which rose to the surface as he breathed.

'Give me another iron, Charley, and we'll not give him a chance to pull it out next time.'

The iron was handed up, and we slowly sailed in the direction which our prize was following along the bottom.

'Here's two or three of them astern of us,' said the boat steerer.

Just then two more rose, one on either side of the boat, and in rather unpleasent proximity, and before we had begun to realize our situation the wounded beast unable any longer to stay beneath the surface, came up to breathe just ahead.

'Pull ahead a little; let's get out of this snarl. Lay the boat around—so—now, stern all,' and the iron was planted deep in the neck of our victim. With a roar louder than a dozen of the wild bulls of Madagascar the now maddened beast made for the boat.

'Back water!—back, I say! Take down this boatsail, and stern all! Stern, for your lives men!' as two more appeared by the bows, evidently prepared to assist their comrade. He was making the water fly in all directions, and having failed to reach the boat, was now vainly essaying to grasp the iron, which the mate had purposely put into his short neck, so close to his head that he could not get it in his mouth.

'Stick out line till we get out of the school, and then we'll pull up on the other side of this fellow, and soon settle him with a lance.'

This we done and as we hauled upon the furious beast, the mate poised his bright lance for a moment, then sent it deep into his heart. With a tremendous roar, and a desperate final struggle, of scarcely a minute's duration, the prize gave up the ghost and after sinking for a moment rose again to the surface, lying on his side just as does the whale when dead.

His companions had left us, and now, giving three cheers for our victory, we towed the carcass to the not far distant shore. It was luckily high tide and we got the body up to high water mark, where the speedily receding waves left it ashore. When we viewed the giant, and thought of the singular agility he had displayed in the water, we could not help acknowledging to one another that to get among a school of Hippopotami would be rather a desperate game.

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.—A letter to the New York Express gives the following particulars:—

"Both the new wings of the Capitol are now to some extent inhabited." The court of claims is located in the north-west corner, and in sunny luxuriance of its gorgeous fresco finish, must operate in the most cheering manner on the visions of the most sanguine of its clients. The cupids, cornucopias, gay colors of the rich flower-pieces and bird plumage, with the extremely crockery and fantastical quality of the entire walls and ceilings are unexplainable upon any other theory than this. There is more fitness in the naval taste intended to be accommodated in the rdjoining room where the prominent actions of our naval history are quite well frescoed; this section of the room being, however, overwrought with finical, if not entirely unmeaning, profusion of detail. There is an 'Indian room' in the south wing, which is exquisitely painted. The panelings are rich and even gorgeous with color, but in the grouping of its decorations, and the harmony of its comprehensive tints, the entire impression is very delightful. The associations suggested by the Indian accoutrements, and animals of the chase, introduced in the panels, reconcile the mind at once to the garishness which strikes upon the mind discordantly in the other rooms, through the excess of brilliant tints and broken profusion of detail. As the ceilings are all of groined arches, they are pointed generally as in one plane with the walls.

The hall of the Representatives, in the new building it is thought, will be in readiness for the next congress. The ceiling is ornamented in panelings of classic taste, alternating, one empty, the next holding a massive pendant of splendid architectural foliation. A portion for specimen is painted with a prevailing ground of gold and bronze green. The iron beams forming the compartments in the ceiling are painted with various decorations of red, blue and silver, including a neutral relief and gilt scroll-work in the alternate empty panels. The effect of this, with a rich, massive cornice, six feet deep, also painted uniformly with the ceiling, is surpassingly gorgeous. The walls not yet stuccoed, will include niches for statuary, brackets for busts, and will be frescoed in keeping with the rest. The size of the hall is greatly more than that in the old building, and in length is some one hundred and ninety feet.

The Senate chamber is more chaste, and proportionably smaller. The corridors in both wings, with long ranges of composite finely finished marble columns, will make a great show of architectural beauty in the building. The splendid dome, to be added to the old building, has not yet reached above the roof, although it is progressing with energy."

GENERAL JACKSON AND THE YOUNG INFIDEL.—"I had preached one Sabbath near the Hermitage, and, in company with several gentlemen and ladies, went, by special invitation, to dine with the General. Among this company there was a young sprig of a lawyer from Nashville, of very ordinary intellect, and he was trying hard to make an infidel of himself. As I was the only preacher present this young lawyer kept pushing his conversation on me, in order to get into an argument. I tried to evade an argument, in the first place, considering it a breach of good manners to interrupt the social conversation of the company. In the second place, I plainly saw that his head was much softer than his heart, and that there were no laurels to be won by vanquishing or demolishing such a combatant, and I persisted in evading an argument. This seemed to inspire the young man with more confidence in himself; for my evasiveness he construed into fear. I saw General Jackson's eye strike fire, as he sat by and heard the thrusts he made at the Christain religion. At length the young lawyer asked me this question:

"Mr. Cartwright, do you really believe there is any such place as hell, as a place of torment?'

"I answered promptly, 'Yes, I do.'

"To which he responded, 'Well I think God I have too much good sense to believe any such thing.'

"I was pondering in my mind whether I would answer him or not, when General Jackson for the first time broke into the conversation, and directing his